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THE FOURTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE, IMITATED.

Addreſs'd to *ALEXANDER POPE* Eſq;

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QUINTI HORATII FLACCI

SERMONUM

LIBRI PRIMI

SATIRA QUARTA.

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LIBER PRIMUS.

SATIRA QUARTA.

EUPOLIS, atque Cratinus, Ariſtophaneſque Poetæ,
Atque alii, quorum Comœdia priſca virorum eſt,
Si quis erat dignus deſcribi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut Sicarius, aut alioqui
Famoſus: multa cum libertate notabant.

THE FOURTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRE IV.

IN Virtue's Cauſe our Old Comedians wrote,
And fix'd on ſecret Vice their laſting Note:
With Freedom Merry BEN his Story told;
To light expos'd the Miſer's hoarded Gold;
Branded the brutal Sot with juſt Diſgrace,
And pull'd the Mask from off the Flatt'rer's Face.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER ventur'd on the Road,
And the ſame Path undaunted DRYDEN trod.
Each Age juſt Fame to theſe great Shades returns,
And Laurels ever-green entwine their Urns.

Quemvis media erue turba:

Aut ob Avaritiam, aut miſera Ambitione laborat.

Hic Nuptaram inſanit amoribus, hic puerorum:

Hunc capit Argenti ſplendor, ſtupet Albius ære:

Hic mutat merces ſurgente a ſole ad eum, quo

Veſpertina tenet regio: quin per mala præceps

Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine, ne quid

Summa deperdat metuens, aut Ampliet ut rem.

Omnes hi metuunt verſus, odere Poetas.

Fœnum habet in cornu, longe fuge: dummodo riſum

Excutiat

And muſt not Pope then dare to draw his Quill?
Muſt he, when moſt we want his Rage, be ſtill?
With fulſome Flatt'ry ſhall the Preſſes groan,
And honeſt Satire be afraid to frown?

View well the Crouds that round *St. James's* ſwarm,
That cringe at Levies, or in Senates ſtorm;
To ſordid Pelf one bends his mean Deſires;
Another's tortur'd Soul Ambition fires:
This Man in Brothels ſpends his wretched Life;
While that deludes his Friend's, or Brother's Wife:
On Paint *Patricio* all his Subſtance ſpends,
And *Paulus* values Horſes more than Friends:
And from a Wife's ſoft Tears, and virtuous Charms,
Flies to *Newmarket* and a Player's Arms.

While ſob'rer Cits in Counting-Houſes ply,
From the firſt Dawn, till Ev'ning clouds the Sky;
Thro' ev'ry Evil run, while Gold's in view,
And Intereſt, ſpite of Oaths or Bonds, purſue.

All Souls like theſe dread Verſe, and Poets hate;
Mad Dogs, to them, leſs Fear than Rhymes create:
Fly, fly, they cry, beware the Poet's Wit:
To move his Laughter, any Mark he'll hit:

Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcit amico:

Et quodcunque ſemel chartis illeverit, omnes

Geſtiet a furno redeuntes ſcire, lacuque,

Et pueros & anus.

38 —— *Agedum pauca accipe contra.*

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus eſſe Poetas,

Excerpam numero. Neque enim concludere verſum

Dixeris eſſe ſatis: neque, ſi quis ſcribat, uti nos

Sermoni propriora, putes hunc eſſe Poetam.

43 *Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atque Os*

Magna

In ſpite he throws the ridiculing Dart,
Tho' with the Point he wounds a Brother's Heart:
And whatſoe'er his wicked Thoughts indite,
If he but claps it down in Black and White,
By Hawkers cry'd, or ſold in dirty Stalls,
Adorns the Barber's Shop, or Cobler's Walls;
Till bawling Crowds the baſe Aſperſion tell,
And ſawcy Lacqueys on theScandal dwell.

But hold, my Friends, ſtop ſhort your raſh Career,
Pope freely quits a Poet's Title here:
Call what you will his Muſes looſer Dreſs,
That 'tis not Epick, he'll himſelf confeſs.
Juſtly to gain a Poet's Name is hard,
Nor is a Rhyme enough to make a Bard.
Nor for a Friendly Letter's eaſy Lays,
Does Pope expect, or ask, the Mantuan Bays.

The Man whoſe Breaſt is fill'd with nobler Fires,
Who 'bove the Reach of vulgar Thought aſpires;
Whoſe pregnant Mind firſt forms the bold Deſign,
Then nobly cloaths it in the ſounding Line;

Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

62 *Invenias etiam disjecti membra Poetæ.*

Hactenus hæc: alias, juſtum ſit necne Poema.

Nunc illud tantum quæram: meritone tibi ſit

Suſpectum genus hoc ſcribendi. Sulcius acer

Ambulat & Caprius, rauci male, cumque libellis

Magnas uterque timor latronibus:

At bene ſi quis,

Ei puris vivat manibus, contemnat utrumque.

Ut

Alone deſerves the Poet's glorious Name,
Thus *Grecian Homer* ſtood the firſt in Fame,
And thus our *Engliſh Homer* ſtands the ſame.
There, ſpite of Envy, POPE, thy Right we own,
And juſtly hail *Apollo*'s genuine Son.
When you command, your Muſe full boldly flies;
Bow down ye Mountains, and ye Valleys riſe.
Diſplace theſe Words, break, how you will, the Line,
Still thro' the Ruins ſhall the Poet ſhine.
But, this Diſpute aſide, let's now enquire
Whence thus does Satire your Reſentment Fire;
Or what is there in POPE's Epiſtles ſeen
That thus can make you winch, and move your Spleen?
Sir *John* each Midnight beats at *Drury* Doors,
Each Brothel rakes, and ev'ry Stew explores,
The Scourge and Dread of Bullies, and of Whores.
Informing Conſtables extort their Fees,
And pious Juſtices their Pocket ſqueeze.
But he whom honeſt Induſtry poteſts,
And virtuous Wife each happy Eve expects,
Walks unconcern'd amid the Venal Herds,
Nor G----n or his Myrmidons regards.

But

Ut ſis tu ſimilis Cœli Byrrique, latronum,

Non ego ſim Capri, neque Sulci, cur metuas me?

Nulla taberna meos habeat, neque pila libellos

Quèis manus inſudet Vulgi, Hermogeniſque Tigelli.

Non recito cuiquam, niſi amicis, idque coactus.

78 *Lædere gaudes*

Inquis, & hoc ſtudio pravus facis.

—— *Unde petitum*

Hoc in me jacis? eſt Auctor quis denique eorum

Vixi cum quibus? Abſentem qui rodit amicum:

Qui non defendit, alio culpante, ſolutos

But tho' a Templar's wicked Life you lead,
Or be debauch'd, as Clerk from Maſter freed;
Need'ſt thou the feeble Laſh of POPE bewail?
He has no Pow'r like *Webſter* and *De Viel.*
Think you his Verſe, like Bellmens, goes its Rounds?
Or thro' each Taphouſe, with the *Craftſman,* ſounds?
His happy Lines engage no vulgar Head,
Nor are by Cits, like Seſſions-Papers, read.
His Pen and Leiſure he alone employs
T'oblige the Great, that is, the Good and Wiſe:
His Verſe he publiſhes at their Requeſt,
Which none but thoſe, who think like them, can taſte.

BUT you aver, he draws his Quill in Spite,
And 'tis Ill-nature only makes him write:
With Joy he empties his malicious Vein,
And his Delight is built on others Pain.

WHENCE know you this? on what does it depend?
Had it you from his Neighbour, or his Friend?

THE Man who meanly wrongs his abſent Friend,
Or hears him wrong'd, nor will his Cauſe defend;
To raiſe a Laugh, who uſes ev'ry Art,
And builds his poor Renown on being *ſmart:*

E Who

Qui captat riſus hominum, famamque dicacis:

Fingere qui non viſa poteſt, commiſſa tacere

Qui nequit: hic niger eſt, hunc Tu, Romane, caveto.

Sæpe tribus lectis videas cænare quaternos:

Ex quibus unus avet quavis aſpergere cunctos,

Præter eum qui præbet, aqua: poſt hunc quoque potus,

Condita cum verax aperit præcordia Liber.

Hic tibi comis, & Urbanus, liberque videtur

Infeſto nigris.

—— Ego, ſi riſi quod ineptus

Lividus & mordax videor tibi.

Paſtillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum;

—— Mentio

Wo dares a Lye, without a Bluſh, maintain,
Nor can a Secret, tho' on Oath, retain;
With double Crimſon this Man's Vice is dy'd,
Him like the Fire, or Peſtilence avoid.

At a Friend's Houſe an Ev'ning ſhou'd you paſs,
Where four or five put round the chearful Glaſs;
You'll ſeldom find but one of keener Wit,
Each other's Vice or Folly ſtrives to hit;
Nor ought regards their Character or Reſt,
If a loud Laugh but crown his ſtinging Jeſt:
Nay makes the very Man that treats him ſmart,
When open *Bacchus* has enlarg'd his Heart.
Yet this Man pleaſant you eſteem, and gay,
His Humour like, and his facetious Way;
And with Delight his Sarcaſms can relate,
You, who Ill-nature fly, and Scandal hate.

While luckleſs Pope, — if he but hints in Jeſt
That *W*——*d* wants honeſty, or *Timon* taſte,
That *S*——*k*'s not profuſe, nor *Sapho* chaſte:
Ill-natur'd and ſevere, you call his Wit,
Himſelf a froward, peeviſh, fretful Chit;

Againſt

—— Mentio ſi qua

De Capitolini fuſcis injecta Petilli

Coram te fuerit: defendas ut tuus eſt mos:

Me Capitolinus convictore uſus amicoque

A puero eſt, cauſaque mea permulta rogatus

Fecit, & incolumis lætor quod vivit in urbe:

Sed tamen admiror quo pacto judicium iſtud

Fugerit. Hic nigræ ſuccus Loliginis, hæc eſt

Æruginis mera: quod vitium procul abſore chartis,

Atque animo prius, ut ſi quid promittere de me

Poſſum aliud, vere promitto.

HORAT.

Againſt his Muſe confederate Blockheads riſe;
And he's decry'd as much —— as an Exciſe.

BUT let your own Good Nature now be try'd;
If *E---es*'s Name by chance you hear decry'd;
You then, as you are wont, his Cauſe defend:
" Sir *J---n*, you cry, 's my very worthy Friend;
" I've had the Honour oft to taſte his Wine;
" Gone in his Chariot to *Pontack*'s to dine:
" He's a fine Gentleman, ſay what you will,
" And glad I am, he is our Member ſtill.
" But then — in Wonder and Surprize I ſtand,
" That he eſcap'd with but a Reprimand;
" He was moſt mildly handled by the Laws,
" For *B---d* and *B---h* had full as good a Cauſe.

THIS, this is Gall, —— that *Buts* malicious Senſe,
Blackens your Words, and taints your whole Defence;
A Stroke ſo ſurely aim'd, ſo deep a Wound,
By POPE's ingenuous Soul was never own'd;
Nor in his Writings ever can be found.

HORAT. Lib. I. Ode xxxiii.

Ad Albium Tibullum.

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio, memor
Immitis Glyceræ, neu miſerabiles
Decantes Elegos, cur tibi junior
Læſa præniteat fide.

Inſignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor: Cyrus in aſperam
Declinat Pholoen: Sed prius Appulis
Jungentur Capreæ Lupis,

Quam turpi Pholoe peccet Adultero.
Sic viſum Veneri: cui placet impares
Formas, atque animos ſub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

Ipſum, me melior cum peteret Venus,
Grata detinuit compede Myrtale
Libertina, fretis acrior Adriæ
Curvantis calabros ſinus.

HORACE, Book I. *Ode* XXXIII.

To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS, leave off your mournful Strains,
Nor weep for *Glyc'ra* coy:
Nor wonder that ſhe thee diſdains,
To bleſs ſome ſprightlier Boy.

For *Cyrus* fair *Lycoris* pines;
While he ſhy *Pholoe* loves:
But ſooner Kids with Wolves ſhall join,
And Vultures pair with Doves,

Than ſhe the lewd Adult'rer bleſs:
Unequal Forms, and Minds,
Venus, whom cruel Sportings pleaſe,
In Iron Fetters binds.

I once, by kinder Flames purſu'd,
To *Myrtale* inclin'd;
Rough as the Adriatick Flood,
And fickle as the Wind.

HORAT. Lib. III. Ode xvi.

INclusam Danaen turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, & vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris:
Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum Jupiter, & Venus
Risissent, fore enim tutum iter, & patens
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire Satellites,
Et perrumpere amat Saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum
Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas Vir Macedo, & subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus: Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.
Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorumque fames. Jure perhorrui
Late conspicuum tollere verticem
Mæcenas, equitum decus.

Quanto

HORACE, Book III. *Ode* xvi.

THE Watchful Dogs, the Tow'r of Braſs,
With Portals ever barr'd,
To *Danae*, youthful, tempting Laſs,
Had been ſufficient Guard:

Had not great *Jove*, and Love's fair Queen,
The tim'rous Guardian ſcorn'd,
And the God's eaſy Path foreſeen,
When into Guineas turn'd.

Gold thro' thick Centinels can go,
Thro' Walls, like Light'ning, flies;
For Gain the Grecian Augur now
In dreadful Ruin lies:

Philip wide op'd the Gates of Towns,
And Thrones unhing'd, by Gold;
E'en rough Commanders quit their Frowns,
While chinking Bribes are told.

With growing Money Cares increaſe,
And new Deſires appear,
But I, too high my Head to raiſe,
Mecænas, juſtly fear.

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus caſtra peto, & transfuga divitum
Partes linquere geſtio:
Contemptæ dominus ſplendidior rei,
Quam ſi quicquid arat non piger Appulus,
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.
Puræ rivus aquæ, ſilvaque jugerum
Paucorum, & ſegetis certa fides meæ,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Tollit ſorte beatior.
Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læſtrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Langueſcit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Creſcunt vellera paſcuis:
Importuna tamen pauperies abeſt:
Nec, ſi plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva Cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam,
Quam ſi Mygdoniis regnum Halyattici
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus
Deſunt multa. Bene eſt, cui Deus obtulit
Parca, quod ſatis eſt, manu.

FINIS.

What Man ſhall to himſelf deny,
From Heav'n he ſhall receive;
I to the Satisfied will fly,
And craving Rich Men leave:

More Maſter of the Wealth I ſcorn,
Than if *Appulia* drain'd
Of all her Produce, fill'd my Barns,
While I ſtill poor remain'd.

A Limpid Stream, a little Wood,
And Harveſt kindly grown,
To me is far a greater Good,
Than fertile *Africk*'s Throne:

Who, nor *Calabrian* Honey keep,
Nor *Læſtrygonian* Wine,
Nor do my fat and gloſſy Sheep
On *Gallia*'s Paſtures ſhine.

Yet not mean Poverty I feel;
And Thou ſtill more wou'd'ſt grant;
But while my Wiſhes I curtail,
I'm farther plac'd from want:

Than if *Mygdonia*'s Lord I was,
And neighb'ring Realms poſſeſt.
Deſire wants much; who little has,
If 'tis enough, is bleſt.

F I N I S.

What Man shall to himself deny,
From Heav'n he shall receive;
To the Satisfied will fly,
And craving Rich Men leave:
More Matter of the Wealth I scorn,
Than if Appella drain'd
Of all her Produce, fill'd my Barns,
While I full poor remain'd.
A Limpid Stream, a little Wood,
And Harvest kindly grown,
To me is far a greater Good,
Than fertile Nyck's Throne:
Who, nor Calabria Honey keep,
Nor Lesbian Wine,
Nor do my Fat and glofly Sheep
On Gallia's Pastures thine.
Yet not mean Poverty I feel;
And Thou full more would'ft grant;
But while my Wishes I curtail,
I'm farther plac'd from want:
Than if Aegidius's Lord I was,
And neighb'ring Realms poffeft.
Defire wants much; who little has,
If 'tis enough, is bleft.

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